

(Hi Jeffrey, Topical from the tropical. Best, Frank)

White House Correspondents' Dinner

Gowns on a plunge  
not lost on the waiters,

but 'pon some other men, yes,  
who'll reconnoiter tea-bagging  
chances in the deepening nether

hours. Prez's chief politician,  
having screwed legions,

scorns being touched by The 1-  
Square Toilet Paper Gang.

Fourth Estate's a fuckin waste  
when they Dare, as the deo-  
dorant ad sez, To Be Close.

The women are posing with  
anyone. In such gowns they  
resemble upside-down duck

pins. Sheathed enough be-  
low, paradoxically, proverb  
insists higher you climb more

they see your ass. True at  
Des Moines' Optician  
Bash, or Beltway Connive.

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Frank hangs out on the beaches of Central Florida, a  
region where Midwestern congressmen desire a  
theme park for oil drilling.

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